

DISCONTENT

"MOTHER OF PROGRESS"

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WHOLE NO. 134.

FREE COMMUNISM VS. FREE COMMERCIALISM.

No. 7.

I have not intentionally overlooked Mr. Brinkerhoff's inquiry in regard to private property. When I stated in my No. 2 that Free Commercialists would leave private property inviolate I had reference, more particularly, to property produced by labor. I recognize the fact that the principal expounders of the Free Commercialist school make a distinction between property which is produced by labor, and land; yet, while they are all of the opinion that occupancy and use should constitute the only basis for land titles, I find there is considerable difference of opinion among them regarding the methods of acquiring such title, as to the right of the occupant to dispose of his holdings, and in regard to the matter of rent. Tucker seems to favor a distribution of land titles by the municipalities. Answering Anberon Herbert (see "Instead of a Book") he cites a suppositious case of land tenure under free conditions: he supposes that the municipality has decreed that no person shall own or possess more than ten acres, and that on a certain date persons holding more than ten acres shall be required to give up the excess (presumably to the municipality), and that even as a condition of receiving that amount of land each person must give notice of his intention to occupy his ten-acre lot. These declarations are to be published by the municipalities, and on the date specified there is a scramble for titles to the best locations. Of course, the number of acres mentioned in this hypothetical case is immaterial, but the principle and the general plan of distribution are plainly favored by Tucker.

There can be no question that Tucker indorses private ownership of land by those who use and occupy it, indicated by his several replies to Egoist in "Instead of a Book", since the holder of the title may do everything with his land which is permitted the owner under existing conditions, except that he cannot let it lie idle. This the "municipality" will not permit him to do, and he may be estopped by all the force which such body can command. Other writers of this school, however, differ quite materially from Tucker in regard to the methods of acquiring and holding titles to land. F. D. Tandy, in "Voluntary Socialism," declares that property in land is very different from property in wealth produced by labor, and says "No man should possess an absolute property right to land," while Dyer D. Lum (whom I regard as good authority on the subject as any other writer) ridicules the idea of absolute ownership of land, and says ("Economics of Anarchy") "No title deed can give more than possession, the equity remaining unsettled." There seems to be a difference of opinion also as to the probable existence under An-

archy of what is known as economic rent (i. e., a premium to be paid for the best locations), Tucker maintaining that economic rent will always obtain in a community, while Lum caustically declares that this "much vaunted law of natural rent would be quickly seen not to have the substance of the baseless fabric of a dream." It only remains to say that since the publication of his book Tucker has publicly stated that the land question involves so many difficult points that it is best for Anarchists to pay no attention to it; that the money question is of paramount importance, and that free organization of credit would virtually settle all other questions, the land question included, which view of the matter I know to be indorsed by Henry Cohen, one of Tucker's most prominent disciples, and editor of the revised edition of Greene's "Mutual Banking." Perhaps I should not dismiss this phase of the subject, however, without referring to Mr. Brinkerhoff's own admission that for his part he has very little respect for private property in even private debts, though "to a great extent" (to what extent, I wonder,) he believes "in property in one's body and in the product of one's labor."

But, however vague and contradictory the views of Free Commercialists on the land question, with regard to private ownership in property produced by labor they are practically a unit. Tandy says: "All wealth equitably belongs to the person who creates it. It is his to use or not to use, to consume in any way he sees fit, to exchange for other property, to give away if he so desires, or to waste absolutely if the fancy strikes him." If this is not sufficiently explicit I will refer once more to Tucker, who emphatically declares that "Freedom of credit leaves private property intact." This is certainly an admission of my statement that private property would remain inviolate under Free Commercialism; if it is not, I do not know the meaning of the English language. If my opponent does not fully subscribe to these cardinal principles of the school he is defending, he is to that extent a heretic to its doctrines.

The above is not intended as a criticism of any particular theory; it is merely a series of statements from writers of Mr. Brinkerhoff's school which I give to substantiate my assertion that Free Commercialists would practically leave private property inviolate, and is in answer to friend Brinkerhoff's inquiry in his Part 7.

Now, having answered my opponent's question regarding private property, I would like him to explain what he means by the statement in his No. 7 that "The mere abolition of the state does not necessarily mean a net gain of freedom." I shall not attempt to criticize this apparently incongruous statement until I am quite certain of his meaning.

WM. HOLMES.

FABLES OF ASSES.

RELIGION.

An observant ass, seeing many things for which he could not account, conferred with his brethren, and learned that they, too, all of them, saw the same things, and could no more understand them than he; whereupon he called the rest around him, and suggested that there might be a great invisible ass somewhere who manifested himself in all the strange things over which they had puzzled so often. His happy suggestion met with universal favor; in fact, it became an article of belief with all asses thereafter, and was looked upon as sacred truth. The asses did not recognize the fact that their convictions in the matter were merely expressions of their general assinity.

DEMOCRACY.

The whole ass tribe were clamoring for law and order; they decided to establish a state and create a code of laws. "Of the asses, for the asses, and by the asses," was chosen as their motto, as they aimed to keep their government at once clean and wise by means of majority rule. For convenience, the vote was taken by counting ears; there was a division on every question, and all were satisfied that the opinion of the majority represented wisdom. They forgot that fifty fools taken together are exactly as wise as one fool.

MORALITY.

Problems of right and wrong were agitating the minds of some asses, and many turned to the council of lawgiver and priest. The lawgiver said "Obey the law and you will do right." The priest said "Obey conscience and you will do right." Some who were both priest and lawgiver taught that whatever is old is right, while whatever is new is wrong. The result of this was very disturbing; asses on all hands were at once complaining that they had no certain standard of conduct, and that they were being unjustly treated by their fellow asses. The supreme judges were finally called upon to decide the vexed matter. Peace followed their edict that "Whatever is is right." It takes a wise ass to know that he is a fool.

CAPITALISM.

The thistle growing industry had passed into the hands of the few, and the asses, while forced to work all day in the cultivation of thistles, were each given only a few inferior thistles at night for their daily meal; the rest went to enrich the capitalists. At times there was considerable grumbling, but the capitalistic asses sent out teachers who proved to the working asses conclusively that without the capitalistic ass to invest his capital there would be no thistles whatever, for capital was required to cultivate the ground. After that all went as smoothly as a war of extermin-

ation. How can a fool of an ass be expected to know the difference between capital and capitalism? They could not remember their ancestors, could they, who had thistles in plenty when capitalism was unknown?

FREETHOUGHT.

Some asses were greatly dissatisfied with varied assinities, such as religion, for example, and to justify themselves they spoke of the sacred cause of truth, and declared that it could not be wrong to think freely, as wisdom only came as a result of thought and discussion. When they had won toleration for themselves, and opinions on all matters were likely to become freely discussed, many of the asses became reactionary, and declared that free thought and free speech should not be conceded to all indiscriminately; that, in short, the advocates of some ideas ought to be sternly suppressed. The freethinking of asses is only the exchange of one form of bigoted intolerance for another.—W. F. Barnard, in London Truth Seeker.

FROM ONE OF THE DISCONTENTED.

For some time past I had been considering about going from Portland to Home and investigating how things really were there, for I felt that I should like to settle there. As it would happen, however, things were in such shape that it was never convenient to undertake the trip.

But lately my brother came from the east and, after staying with us for some time, thought he had better go over there himself and look around. Said and done. After staying a week he wrote me that, from all he could see, the people at Home were a real good crowd, and they impressed him as one large family, each member of which was trying to do what would most please the rest and all of them seemed to be very happy; but having been there only one week he withheld a final opinion until further observation. A week later he wrote that the longer he stayed among the Home folks the better he liked them, and that he fully expected to make his home there. I was real glad of this good news for more than one reason. First, I was glad that my brother had found a place which he liked so well that he would be able to do that which he had for years tried to do, namely, to find a way to live outside of the competitive business world. Outside of that world which absolutely compels you to be a slave or a master; that world which puts a premium on liars, sharks, thieves and rascals of all descriptions; that world which makes your best friend suspect you and you suspect him; that world which compels each individual to be hypocritical as a matter of self preservation, and which looks down upon the honest and truthful as thriftless weaklings, as people not fitted to survive in

Continued on page 4.

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THE HEROES OF THE COMMUNE.

There is but one reason why the found-
ers and heroes of the Commune of Paris
are not remembered with reverence and
love, and that is that they did not suc-
ceed. What they did and said and suf-
fered or caused had nothing to do with
the manner in which they are remem-
bered. The world's heroes have always
been victorious. Those who failed and
died are miscreants, for only the victors
have the ears of mankind for the telling
of the story. Our great and good Wash-
ington, our immortal Jefferson, our
Adams and Quinceys, would have been
hung, and their names recalled only as
the bold, incendiary rebels who would
not submit to the laws made for their
good, if they had not won their cause.
The devotion, the bravery, the intellect-
ual ability, the noble aspiration for free-
dom may have been as great and intense
in those who suffer and die for "a lost
cause" as in those who win, but these
virtues are only crimes in the unsuccess-
ful.

In every country, and in every age,
the men who have made unsuccessful
struggles for liberty have been consigned
to ignominy, oblivion or deep disgrace.
The ordinary history of any country's
revolts has been a chronicle of "rebels
and disorderly miscreants," of their
heroes, a tale of victorious raids, of con-
quered men and crushed and suffering
women. Motives, purposes, courage,
and devotion all count for nothing if the
cause is lost. The "citizens" of the
short-lived republic of France in 1794
are even yet remembered only for the
prominent heads they cut off; even the
names of those who have led "revolts"
in England have been well nigh forgot-
ten. Our own John Brown has scarcely
attained a respectable position in our
country's history, and the memory of
the men of Chicago who dreamed that
the workers' emancipation was near,
dwells only in the hearts of the few who
understood and loved them. So have
the names of those bright, brave spirits
who inspired the institution of the Com-
mune; only the few with prophetic
clearness of vision and great tenderness
of heart for all the suffering lowly, know
these heroes as they were. Those who
denounced their noble organization in
blood, have had the pulpit, the press,
the rostrum, the teachers' desk through
which to proclaim their own heroism,
courage, virtue, ability and success;
the alleged brutality, ignorance, frenzied
action of those they crushed out! They
have carried out their work well. Even
today the world in general believes that
the history of the Commune is but a
history of crime, passion, carnage and
brutal rage on the part of the common
people. There are so few to tell the
story of those liberty-loving, hopeful,
young Frenchmen, for the leaders were
nearly all young, as it should be told.
We have so few chances of telling it; so

few ears to listen to us, so few who will
give credence after the years of misedu-
cation which the conventional classes
have given them. We may grow weary
with our pitiful repetitions of the tragic
story, seemingly to so little purpose.
But we must not, we dare not despair.
Our cause is progressing. With every
anniversary more and more people hear
and believe; even the most antagonistic
are listening with more leniency in their
hearts. More and more it is evident
that that tragic, but glorious, failure has
done its good work, and that it was a
grand step to future victory. Though
we think we have told it all so many
times, and grow disheartened, we must
remember we have not told it enough,
never can, until all the world under-
stands and is inspired with the same
glowing hope for liberty.

This event was one of the great mile-
stones on mankind's progress toward
freedom. In some respects it was one
of the most remarkable events that has
ever happened since history began.
There have been revolts of classes, of
subjects against particular kings, of
slaves against tyrants, but here were
statesmen, philosophers, artists, uniting
with workingmen and the lowliest of
the low to establish a principle. Other
revolts were to dethrone one tyrant only
to enthrone another. Here tyranny, as
tyranny, was fought against. Justice,
human rights, freedom were the consid-
erations; not alone the rights of one
class as against another. It has been
said that the constitution adopted while
the Commune was in existence was the
finest work of its kind ever conceived
for the regulation of human society.
Be that as it may, and whether we agree
with the plans and conceptions of those
brave men or not, we know that one of
the grandest efforts to establish a society
of equality, justice and fraternity ever
before attempted, was there, in that last
awful week in May, 1871, drowned out
in the blood of many thousands of the
noblest people of France.

They were murdered, those thousands
of men, women and innocent children,
because they had dared to try to realize
one of mankind's most beautiful dreams.
Their names have been execrated and
reviled ever since. But their grand fail-
ure has made the next attempt more
easy, and has familiarized the thought
of liberty to all the peoples of the world.
We must not falter or fall by the way-
side. Let us never recede from the po-
sition in the world's onward march to
which they brought us. Vive la Com-
mune!!

LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

PEACEFUL REVOLUTION.

When visiting cousins in Janesville,
Wis., I fell so far from grace as to attend
"divine service" at the Congregational
church, and you may be as much shocked
as I was at the announcement of the
sermon: "The Womanhood of the New
Century."

The reverend "spoke right out" in
meetin' and among other things said:
"The woman of the new century will
not be the pretty doll-faced, flighty but-
terfly and pandered pet of frivolity of
past ages, but she will be strong in her
own powers, able to achieve and endure.
She will be independent yet loving, re-
fined, gentle and clear thinking. Women
have earned a place in all the advoca-
tions of life and by their persistent ad-

vancement will become the teachers
of the race. The average man of today
is not satisfied with the indolent, meek,
fashion-plated woman of a few years
ago, but is seeking for the intelligent,
self-helpful, energetic and healthy wom-
an of the present, feeling that women
are not superior but are equal with men
in all ways.

"With the larger field of opportunities
opened to all women they will make of
motherhood a far grander, nobler and
higher avocation than has been dreamed
of. Womanhood, emancipated, educated,
and elevated, will lead the civilization of
the next century, by and through a more
intelligent motherhood.

"Woman has passed through the age of
show and chivalry and has tired of it.
She will always crave just appreciation,
and it is her due. This is the age of
justice and progress and she is but just
getting enthused with the idea of the
gigantic need for absolute freedom for
the race."

Another case is that of Mrs. Roberts
who lectured in her husband's place in
the "Church of This World" in Kansas
City, Mo. Her subject was "Marriage
and Divorce." I quote from Lucifer:

"Marriage is simply a contract with
which religion has nothing to do and
should be dissolved by mutual agree-
ment. In all cases of mutual agreement
the courts should have the right to wit-
ness the transaction and put it on record.
When forced to recognize marriage as a
failure, is it not barbarous to compel the
perpetuation of that union? The state
has no more right to dictate when peo-
ple shall marry than to say when a bank-
rupt will begin business again."

It is refreshing to hear a woman utter
such plain facts. Such is the peaceful
revolution that ought to come to pass in
this century. And may the brave ones
carry forward the light that dissipated
the accumulated darkness of past ages
of mental dyspepsia.

FLORA W. FOX.

NO FREEDOM IN MARRIAGE.

Recently, in San Francisco, a man ap-
plied for a divorce; the wife put in a
plea for alimony; in the evidence she
stated that while she and her husband
lived in the same house, each having
separate rooms, yet for over two years
they had not spoken to each other. She
also said she did not desire a divorce,
for then she would have no one to sup-
port her and would be compelled to
work for her own living. We are often
told that marriage leaves people free.
The marriage laws and customs are ad-
hered to by people under the belief that
without them the social relations be-
tween the sexes would become demoral-
ized, that laws make them love each
other, and hold each strictly to a right
action toward the other.

Here we find one who, not even loving
the one who supplies her with food and
clothes even after all the relations which
commonly exist between the married
have ceased—hating each other to a de-
gree where even the most superficial asso-
ciation becomes intolerable—yet insists
on exploiting his future happiness and
levying a tribute on his future labors by
asking for alimony. No doubt the court,
ruled by the blindfolded goddess, Jus-
tice (of today), will aid her and give its
legal consent to the levying of this trib-
ute.

O. A. VERTY.

TURNS OF THE HANDLE.

It was Shakespeare who said "Con-
science doth make cowards of us all,"
and it might have been so in his time,
but nowadays it is not conscience but
CUSTOM that makes us cowards; "con-
science" simply isn't in it.

Ruskin well said: "We have two ob-
jects in life and they are—whatever we
have, to get more; wherever we are, to
go somewhere else!" That's pretty near
to an axiom but it doesn't apply to the
residents of Home, for we have each got
land enough, clearing enough and chores
enough to attend to, without asking for
more—and we don't at present hanker
to go otherwhither, not even to the pen-
itentiary for principle's sake.

"Discontent implies lack of self reli-
ance." Thus wrote the sage of Con-
cord, and I have no particular objection
to the statement as a generality, but am
of the respectful opinion that a tang of
discontent may lead later to sufficient
self reliance to turn things right
side up. We all are fettered tighter
than we wot of, by habits, prejudices,
etc., while convention and custom sit on
our chest and weigh on us like a night-
mare—and most workers are in the po-
sition of a man bound hand and foot,
lying in the industrial rut with a com-
mercial dray (Rockefeller's, Havemey-
er's, or the like) slowly rolling over his
helpless form. Now what on earth is
the use of preaching "Smiles and Self-
help" to such an one? A little discon-
tent seems pertinent!

In the latest number of that unique
periodical, "The Philistine," I note El-
bert Hubbard announces vibrations for
love, success and health will be sent free
to all subscribers by himself or Ali
Baba, according to circumstances! That's
good! But some of us out here have
vibrations of our own to spare; in the
way of "success" they come as we see
land sown to clover and planted to fruit,
that a while ago was prolific in tall tim-
ber and black stumps; in the way of
"love" they come by freely receiving
and giving out according to our desire
and ability; and in the way of "health"
they come at the end of a cross-cut saw,
as it sings its way transversely through
a stout fir log, while the comrades real-
ize they work for the ideal as well as
the actual.

CRANK.

The charity organizations admit that
there are thousands of "worthy poor"
in New York City who suffer from hun-
ger and cold every winter because they
cannot find work to do. At the same
time, it is admitted that there are peo-
ple in the clothing industry working 14
hours a day for a bare livelihood. Is it
not an insult to talk of charity in the
face of such conditions? Justice is what
we want, not charity; healthy social
conditions which will give all a chance
to work and get the whole product of
their labor—not the opening of soup
kitchens and the distribution of old
clothes and sanctimonious tracts.—The
People.

The ways of trade are grown selfish to
the borders of theft, and supple to the
borders (if not beyond) of fraud.—Eme-
rson.

CHAINS.

BY NELLIE M. JERAULD.

CHAPTER XXVIII—Continued.

Howard was restless and unhappy, almost ill. He longed for peace and rest, and a great homesickness took possession of him. A letter from Jennie and Rollin increased the feeling; a cordial invitation to come to Fairview and bring his wife, to come while June roses and strawberries were perfect, was irresistible, and he resolved to go, and also resolved that Mayme should go with him. He told her of the invitation and said: "I am going, Mayme; I must have some rest and I would like for you to see the place. I know you would like it."

At first she said she would not go, but for once her father asserted his authority and told her that Howard's relatives should not be slighted, and that she must be a fool no longer, but to use her sense, if she had any. When it was decided that she should go she told Wentworth and said:

"Just think of me going on a farm for even a few days, to say nothing of weeks, but there is one consolation, there is a handsome fellow there—Howard's cousin Andrew."

This she said hoping to make Wentworth jealous, and she evidently succeeded, for he said, "A handsome fellow there," and the look and tone thoroughly satisfied. He was, however, thinking of Blossom, but his next thought was "of course Andrew and Blossom are brother and sister." He had his plans and worked to gain his object. He took Mayme on his lap, fondled and caressed her boldly, as he had often done, and said:

"Mayme, I can't stand it if you go away."

"I have to go; my lord and master and my father demand it."

"And I must stay here without seeing you all these weeks! I say, Mayme, you won't care if I go to see Rosa Morris while you are away, will you?"

Rosa Morris was the one girl of whom Mayme was very jealous and she could not endure the thought of Wentworth being left under the influence of Rosa's charms.

"I tell you, Charley, I'll see if I can't get some of the family to invite you to the farm while I am there. I don't know anything about the people; Howard has never talked about them very much, and Blossom had little to say of her family. She was an awful baby, and seemed to think so much of her mother, and told me she wished I could see her grandmother," and Mayme's lip curled scornfully.

"All right, Mayme, you see if you can get me an invite and I'll be sure to accept, for I want to see my queen."

Mayme thought he meant her, and that was what he intended she should think, but to himself he said "My Blossom, my queen."

When Howard and Mayme arrived at the depot it was raining and Mayme said:

"I suppose we will have to go out to the farm in an old lumber wagon."

Just then Rollin came into the depot and seeing Howard he hastened to greet

him, saying, "Howard, my boy, I am very glad to see you."

Howard shook hands with him and then said:

"Uncle Rollin, this is Mayme; Mayme this is Mr. Carr, Blossom's father."

When Rollin had welcomed her he said:

"I'll have to ask you to walk about a block, the horses are safe, but they will dance to the music of the cars."

Much to Mayme's astonishment they were led to a lovely matched team and as nice a carriage as her father owned.

"Just give the checks to Sam; he had to come in with the produce today, or rather he did it to let me show my ponies."

Sam Carrol was introduced to Mayme, and she bowed very coldly thinking he was the hired man and that she would have to put up with all sorts of things now; she frowned as she stepped into the carriage.

"Why do you drive, Mr. Carr? Where is your coachman?"

"I am my own coachman; there is nothing I enjoy more thoroughly than managing a team of spirited horses."

Mayme did not say much, she was not in the habit of conversing with her husband, and Howard was thinking of the happy past when he lived among these people.

"Here, Mayme," Howard said, "Fairview begins," and he pointed to an avenue lined with oaks.

Mayme looked out and saw the well-kept grounds, the gardens, the orchards, everything in perfect order. The heavy rain had ceased and the sun was shining brightly, adding beauty to the scene. Rollin drove to the porch and assisted Mayme to alight. At this moment a tall, graceful, silver-haired lady, daintily dressed, came through the door. Howard sprang up the steps at a bound, and putting his arms around her he said:

"Oh, Aunt Marian, my arms ache to give you what you used to call a 'bear hug.'"

"Howard, I am very glad to see you home again; and this is your wife, Mayme? I welcome you, dear; we are glad to have you with us. Come in; we did not expect to see you until the late train and the rest of the family are not down from their rooms. I went to the Glen with Uncle Andrew is the reason I am ready to receive company."

Mayme was ushered into the parlor, and in a few moments Jennie and Blossom came in. Blossom welcomed Mayme cordially and Jennie did the same. Then Mary came in and was introduced and said:

"Ida will be down in a few moments; she and James are very busy over the books and Ida wanted to finish them so she could spend a little while visiting."

Mayme was bewildered, she had met with so many surprises. On every side she saw evidences of wealth and refinement. She had never met with people who were better bred than these. And how many were there? And where did they all live? Blossom noticed the look of surprise when Ida was mentioned, and laughed as she said "you wonder how many there are of us? We are a large family as you will soon see, and we all live in this house."

Just then Ida came in, and Mayme's astonishment increased when Blossom said:

"This is Andrew's mother."

Ida looked young enough to have been an older sister.

Howard and Mayme were shown their rooms—two rooms, nicely furnished and so arranged that one could be used as a sittingroom or both could be used as bedrooms. After the dust of travel was removed, and Mayme dressed for dinner, they went downstairs and Mayme soon met the rest of the family. She saw that Andrew was a handsome man, more so than when she had first met him, and she determined to have a flirtation if not an amour. She saw that he was devoted to Blossom and she said to herself:

"But I'll soon break that up, for I'm a woman of the world and she is a simple country girl."

After a few days' visit Mayme said to Jennie:

"Aunt Jennie, I have a friend, Mr. Wentworth, who is anxious to spend a little time on a farm and I would be pleased to have him see this place; I know he would enjoy it very much. Would you object if I invited him here?"

"No, Mayme, I have no objections; we have a great deal of company all seasons of the year, and more especially just now that fruit is ripening, so invite your friend if you wish."

That night the letter was written, and full directions of how to reach Fairview were given, and she also wrote "Of course, it would not do for me to know just when you are coming, so I cannot be at the depot to meet you."

When Wentworth read the letter he said:

"Mayme, you're a fool; you think I am coming to the farm to see you, but I am going to see the woman who will be my wife. I can be a decent, clean man for her sake. Dear little Blossom, your name exactly suits your beautiful face."

CHAPTER XXIX.

There have been pages written to define love, to tell how it originated, why it exists and what it is; old and young of both sexes have written and talked of the tender passion, but the question remains unanswered. A German author has said "You classify friendship between man and woman as love, love of a certain kind. I deny this; love is sexual only, all other attractions, as parental, filial, fraternal, is friendship; love is magnetic, electric, born in an instant, uncontrollable, our master, our God, while friendship grows, develops, ripens. We may cultivate it, for it is our creation."

This author's idea may be correct, I do not know. It did not seem to have been the case with Wentworth, as he had been notorious for his "affairs" with women, and it had been his boast that none could resist him. "Sooner or later, they come to my arms. All women are alike. I have never had an amour with any except those of a high grade. I never have to go to a house of illfame," and yet he said when he thought of Blossom's pictured face "for the first time in my life I love. I must win this fair flower—she shall be mine."

The day had been a busy one, and Blossom had found no time to visit with Mayme until late in the afternoon. Then she went to the hammock, where Mayme was idly swinging, and said, as she drew the garden chair nearer to the hammock:

"You are a hammock girl, cousin mine; you do enjoy the motion of the net; here, give me that cord, and I will swing you while we talk;" and taking the tassel of the cord she swung Mayme gently back and forth and continued: "I was thinking today that the Orientals are wise to seek their ease. We have been working all morning to preserve strawberries, make shortcake and other dainties just to be eaten. I get tired of it sometimes when, after I have worked all morning, and leave the pantry full of nice things, I remember that in a day they will all be gone, while the East Indian takes his handful of rice and is satisfied."

"I really don't know anything about such work," Mayme said; "you know papa has always had money enough to hire the work done and to buy preserves and cakes, and if he wanted anything particularly nice we always sent to the caterer."

"Yes, but some one has to prepare the dainties, and though the caterer does it for his living, he undoubtedly grows tired of the drudgery. However, we can make drudgery of everything we do, if we work because we have to work and do it complainingly. It reminds me of the time I churned, years ago. Andrew and I were playing queen. I was mounting my throne and he had just finished my crown, when mama called 'Come, Blossom, and help me.' I found she wanted me to churn. 'Just a little churning, dear,' she said encouragingly; but I pouted and thought it was too bad; and then I began to count the strokes; by the time I had reached 500 I knew that my back and arms could not endure any more. I told mama that I had pushed the dasher of the churn down through the cream 500 times and pulled it up 500 times, and that would be 1,000, and then I began to cry. Grandma came in just then and said: 'Here is a homely little rhyme my mother taught me when I was a little girl:'

"A willing spirit gets on quick,
But a grumbler in the mud will stick."
Then she told me a funny story, and mama said 'Blossom, the butter is here. How many times did you push the dasher through the cream while grandma was talking?' And then she gave me such a good lesson on the subject of making my work light that I have never forgotten it."

"Blossom, who made the dress that you have on?"

Blossom smiled as she thought how useless it was to talk to Mayme of anything except dress and trifles, and answered:

"I made it myself."

"Where did you get that lace? It is lovely."

"I made it."

"You made that? Why that is boniton and point."

"Yes, I know it is, but I do such work. I like pretty things, and do considerable fancy work in the winter."

And Blossom explained how and where she got the patterns, and when she could not find just what she wanted how she and her crippled foster brother drew the patterns, and then she told of this artist brother and that he was studying in Italy. Blossom was facing Mayme and Mayme lay in the hammock facing the gate. Suddenly Mayme's face flushed and she rose hastily. Blossom said:

"What is the matter, Mayme?"

(To be continued.)

FROM ONE OF THE DISCONTENTED.

Continued from page 1.

the race of life; in short, that world which preaches one thing and does as near the opposite as it knows how! I, myself, being more or less of the same state of mind concerning the horrible status of this commercial world in which "we live and move and have our being" it was only natural that I should feel glad, indeed, when my brother found a resting spot like Home, which seemed to offer such chances of contentment and happiness.

And, again, I thought to myself, if my brother, who is so much of the same opinion about this world and the obligations it of necessity imposes on one to improve every opportunity to become one of the fittest to survive, yet thinks so well of that out-of-the-way place, then why cannot I, too, go there and enjoy the blessings of the large family and its happiness. I had been in Portland, Ore., for nearly three years, working quite steadily at comparatively good wages (sometimes I would make \$16 or \$17 a week), yet how much have we saved?—nothing! Maybe you think we lived extravagantly, but you are mistaken if you do, because Annie, (by the way, Annie is my friend with whom I have spent the happiest days of my life, and with whom I hope to spend many more happy years,) I say Annie is one of the most saving women I have ever seen. She would spend no more for both of us through the week than it would take to keep myself, when I had to get my meals in a restaurant; and she always thinks twice before she will buy the most necessary things. I, myself, am not a spendthrift, though, of course, I would not see my companion and myself lead a miserly life and lay money away for the future. (Why should we save and scrape for the future day? Is not present comfort as necessary as that of the future? Are we to live in the present like beasts for the sake of future comfort? What do I know about the future to make my present miserable for it? And is it not a fact that if I can live in the present like a dog, why not in the future? No, let us live in the eternal NOW, let the future take care of itself!) And if I would be content to lead a parsimonious, penurious life, saving every cent, am I sure of guarding the future from want and care. Not at all! I have been sick, and when a person is sick what is one to do but go to the doctor? (When I think of doctors I don't feel half as good-natured as when I think of the people at Home.) Just think of it; you go to the doctor and tell him you are not feeling well; he wants to know exactly when and how you began to feel bad, where and what the trouble is and all about it. After getting all the information from you he can, he thinks so and so is the matter and he prescribes for you pretty near by the rule of thumb, and then, oh lord! for this asks \$2, \$3, or \$5. Yes, I think the stilted medical "profess" is one of the greatest robbery schemes of the present system. Of course, there are some doctors who are exceptions to the rule, but does not an "exception" prove the rule? Anyway, I never was so lucky as to run up against one of these exceptions and always dealt, unwillingly, with the rule, and the result was that—well, I am

a poorer and a wiser man by reason of my acquaintance. I got no benefit in health nor money, and have had to look for health in some other direction; money I never looked for. Of course, I could make a few dollars more a week if I worked like "Shorty," who used to work alongside of me in a barber shop and was in the habit of telling people that singeing their hair would stop them from getting gray and talk other rot to them, solely to get them to have some work done. It was not in me to do that way; not that I did not want to, for many times I wished I could see things as "Shorty" and others did; it would have been money in my pocket right along. "Shorty" worked alongside of me for nearly two years, and in answer to remarks of mine has said "If I can get some money out of a fellow why shouldn't I? He'll go and spend it somewhere else, possibly in the saloon, and I might as well have it as the saloonkeeper." Really there is logic in this. Here is a man with some money that he is going to spend and one may as well get it as the other. Oh, you say "the means employed to get it are not the right ones." But "Shorty" did not think so, and as long as he felt all right about it it was all right. If a person does the best he knows how that is all you can ask from him. I wished that I could look at things as Shorty did but I could not and the result was that I made three or four dollars less than he did every week.

LOUIS HAIMAN.

ASSOCIATION NOTES.

The beautiful weather of the past few days has started the peach and cherry buds to opening.

Our people are busy plowing and planting for early garden. Quite a contrast between here and some parts of the east; where, some late letters inform us, 'twas snowing and blowing a gale.

Charles Periot, a member of the Co-operative Brotherhood colony, Burley, this state, passed a couple of days with us last week. He visited us about one year ago, and says we have made considerable improvement in the past year.

The land owned by the Mutual Home Association is located on Von Geldern Cove (known locally as Joes Bay), an arm of Carrs Inlet, and is 13 miles west from Tacoma on an air line, but the steamer route is about 20 miles.

The association is simply a land-holding institution, and can take no part in the starting of an industry. All industries are inaugurated by the members interested and those willing to help them. Streets are not opened yet and we have no sidewalks. Those thinking of coming here must expect to work, as it is not an easy task to clear this land and get it in condition for cultivation. There are 80 people here—22 men, 22 women and 36 children—girls over 15 years 5; boys 3. We are not living communistic, but there is not anything in our articles of incorporation and agreement to prohibit any number of persons from living in that manner if they desire to do so. Those writing for information will please inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply.

HOW TO GET TO HOME.

All those intending to make us a visit will come to Tacoma and take the steamer TYPHOON for HOME. The steamer leaves Commercial dock on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Sunday morning at 8 o'clock. Be sure to ask the captain to let you off at HOME.

RECEIPTS.

Hoffman \$1, Williams 50c, Bare 50c, Victor 50c, Johnson 50c, Periot 25c, Goin 25c, Eastman 10c.

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Articles of Incorporation and Agreement of the Mutual Home Association.

Be it remembered, that on this 17th day of January, 1898, we, the undersigned, have associated ourselves together for the purpose of forming a corporation under the laws of the State of Washington.

That the name of the corporation shall be The Mutual Home Association.

The purpose of the association is to assist its members in obtaining and building homes for themselves and to aid in establishing better social and moral conditions.

The location of this corporation shall be at Home, located on Joes Bay, Pierce County, State of Washington; and this association may establish in other places in this state branches of the same where two or more persons may wish to locate.

Any person may become a member of this association by paying into the treasury a sum equal to the cost of the land he or she may select, and one dollar for a certificate, and subscribing to this agreement.

The affairs of this association shall be conducted by a board of trustees, elected as may be provided for by the by-laws.

A certificate of membership shall entitle the legal holder to the use and occupancy of not less than one acre of land nor more than two (less all public streets) upon payment annually into the treasury of the association a sum equal to the taxes assessed against the tract of land he or she may hold.

All money received from memberships shall be used only for the purpose of purchasing land. The real estate of this association shall never be sold, mortgaged or disposed of. A unanimous vote of all members of this association shall be required to change these articles of incorporation.

No officer, or other person, shall ever be empowered to contract any debt in the name of this association.

All certificates of membership shall be for life.

Upon the death of any member a certificate of membership shall be issued covering the land described in certificate of membership of deceased.

First: To person named in will or bequest.

Second: Wife or husband.

Third: Children of deceased; if there is more than one child they must decide for themselves.

All improvements upon land covered by certificate of membership shall be personal property, and the association as such has no claim thereto.

Any member has the right of choice of any land not already chosen or set aside for a special purpose.

CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP:

This is to certify that has subscribed to the articles of incorporation and agreement and paid into the treasury of the Mutual Home Association the sum of . . . dollars, which entitles . . . to the use and occupancy for life of lot . . . block . . . as platted by the association, upon complying with the articles of agreement.

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